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E Pluribus Unum.

Though many and bright are the Stars that appear
In that flag, by our country unfurled;
And the stripes that are swelling in majestic there,
Like a rainbow, adorning the world;
Their light is unequalled, as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're legions in us, and they're doing a deed,
In their motto of "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly sang
That banner of starry and stripe;
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet thrust, at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won,
O'er the heart of the land that would mar
Our motto of "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

'Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft has gathered, the brave and the true,
And those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
When the Cross and the Lion went down;
And though few of the lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below,
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stepped 'neath the banner of "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

From where our Great Mother's blood was shed
On the field of the battle of Gettysburg,
To the waves where the lady's blood is shed,
Like the dream of some prophet of old;
They conquer; and dying, bequeathed to our care,
Not the banner of freedom alone,
But that banner whose loveless folds follow their air,
And their motto is "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

We are "many in one" while there glitters a star,
In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quell 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of God;
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm,
Over tempest and battle, and wreck;
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

'The oppressed of the earth, to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall float o'er his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time,
To millions of eyes who have welcomed its mission sublime,
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime,
And the nations of the earth shall be one.

Though the old Allegheny may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven,
While the truth of those words shall abide.
'Then, O! let them glow on each breast the brand,
Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
Divide as we may in our native land,
To the rest of the world we are one!

'Then up with our flag—let it stream on the air!
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that
Could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves,
Up, up with the banner! Where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around it,
And a nation of freemen, that never shall fall,
When its stars shall be trail'd on the ground.

Country Before Party.

MR. DOUGLAS' LAST LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 10, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Being deprived of the use of my arms at present, by a severe attack of rheumatism, I am compelled to avail myself of the services of an amanuensis in reply to your two letters.

It seems that some of my friends are unable to comprehend the difference between arguments used in favor of an equitable compromise with the hope of averting the horrors of war, and those urged in support of the Government and flag of our country, when war is being waged against the United States with the avowed purpose of producing a permanent disruption of the Union, and a total destruction of the Government.

All hope of compromise with the Cotton States was abandoned when they assumed the position that the separation of the Union was final, and that they never would consent to a reconstruction in any contingency—not even if we would furnish them with a blank sheet of paper and permit them to prescribe their own terms.

Still the hope was cherished that reasonable and satisfactory terms of adjustment could be agreed upon with Tennessee, North Carolina and the Border States, and that whatever terms would prove satisfactory to these loyal States would create a Union party in cotton States which would be powerful enough at the ballot-box to destroy the revolutionary government, and bring those States back into the Union by the voice of their own people. This hope was cherished by Union men North and South, and was never abandoned until actual war was levied at Charleston, and the authoritative announcement made by the revolutionary government at Montgomery, that the Secession flag would be planted on the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and a proclamation issued inviting the pirates of the world to prey upon the United States.

These startling facts, taken in connection with the boastful announcement that the ravages of war and carnage should be quickly transferred from the cotton-fields of the South to the wheat fields and corn fields of the North furnish conclusive evidence that it was the fixed purpose of the Secessionists utterly to destroy the Government of our fathers, and obliterate the United States from the map of the world.

In view of this state of facts, there was BUT ONE PATH OF DUTY LEFT TO PATRIOTIC MEN. It was not a party question nor a question involving partisan policy; it was a question of government or no govern-

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THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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ment, country or no country; and hence it became the imperative duty of every Union man, every friend of constitutional liberty, to rally to the support of our common country, its government and flag, as the only means of checking the progress of the revolution and preserving the union of the States.

I am unable to answer your question as to the policy of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. I am not in their confidence, as you and the whole country ought to be aware. I am neither the supporter of the partisan policy nor apologist for the errors of the Administration. My previous relations to them remain unchanged; but I trust the time will never come when I shall be willing to sacrifice any personal feeling and party policy for the honor and integrity of my country.

I know of no mode by which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his loyalty to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution and the Union, under all circumstances and under every Administration, (regardless of party politics,) against all assaults at home and abroad. The course of Clay and Webster toward the Administration of General Jackson, in the days of nullification, presents a noble, worthy example for all true patriots.

At the very moment when that fearful crisis was precipitated upon the country, partisan strife between Whigs and Democrats was quite as bitter and relentless as now between Democrats and Republicans. The gulf which separated party leaders in those days was quite as broad and deep as that which separates the Democracy from the Republicans. But the moment an enemy arose in our midst plotting the dismemberment of the Union and the destruction of the government, the voice of partisan strife was hushed in patriotic silence. One of the brightest chapters in the history of our country will record the fact that during this eventful period the great leaders of the Opposition, sinking the partisan in the patriot, rushed to the support of the Government, and became its ablest and bravest defenders against all assaults until the conspiracy was crushed and abandoned, when they returned to their positions as party leaders upon political issues.

These acts of patriotic devotion have never been deemed evidence of infidelity or political treachery, on the part of Clay and Webster, to the principles and organization of the old Whig party. Nor have I any apprehension that the firm and unanimous support which the Democratic leaders and masses are now giving to the Constitution and the Union will ever be deemed evidence of infidelity to Democratic principles, or a want of loyalty to the organization and creed of the Democratic party. If we hope to regain and perpetuate the ascendancy of our party we should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a LOYAL PATRIOT.

With the sincere hope that these, my convictions may coincide with those of my friends, I am very truly, yours,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

To VIRGIL HICKOX, Esq., Chairman State Democratic Committee.

Battle of Chickamauga, Georgia.
CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.,
Sept. 27th, 1863.

Editor Gazette.—Another great battle—the bloodiest of the war—and one which, had it been brought to a successful termination on our part, would have placed the hydra-headed monster of Secession on the block of the guillotine, has been desperately fought and well nigh won, and although victory has not perched on the banner of beauty and glory, all have an abiding confidence that final success will be ours, and that the grease-encased hordes of Rebellion, who for the last two weeks have buskwhacked us in the mountains of Tennessee and Alabama, thronged the gaps and swarmed in the woods and corn fields of Georgia, will at length feel the freemen's might and tremble at the power which subdues them.

Previous to the main body of Rosecrans' leaving the sandy ridges of Raccoon mountain, Chattanooga had been occupied by Crittenden's corps, Bragg's force having retreated to Crawford's creek, ten miles over the State line. Rosecrans having at length found out where the valorous braggadocio had gone, resolved to attack him in his strong-hold, among the mountain fastnesses of his native State, and on the 18th struck the enemy's left. Ploving troops in a line so as to cover Bragg's front, Rosecrans gave him battle and at many points along the line drove him two and three miles. The battle raged from early morn until 5 P. M., when a lull ensued, the shrieking shell, the whizzing grape and canister, the fierce rattling of musketry, and the deep-toned reverberation of cannon's roar through the mountain gorges, ravines and kenones, gave promise that for that day at least the work of death had ceased—that the angel of mercy was visiting the scene of carnage. But a wild, shrill whoop from 45,000 throats, the entire length of the line, the myriad hosts of gray-backed legions that came on a double-quick charge, pouring their leaden hail into our ranks, told, and unmistakably too,

that the short space of time between that and night-fall, was the turning point in the day's strife, and that a hecatomb of lives would soon saturate the ground with its gory sacrifices. Eight massed lines of gray and steel! eight miles of flashing flame! 45,000 human beings bent on human destruction! Before them a living, breathing, palpitating wall of anxious hearts—anxious for the coming of the foe, anxious for the Union's fame and glory, yet likewise anxious for these far-off sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers and friends, who, in the distant North, knew not of the sanguinary strife where so many sank exhausted, where so many laid to die. Flesh and blood could not withstand the overpowering impetuosity of the assault, and that flesh and blood weakened by a series of marches over the roughest roads and by-paths it has ever been my lot to travel. Our left flank crumbled into nothingness; our centre gave way; the right was compromised, and the hard-earned laurels of the day passed from our grasp in less than three-fourths of an hour! Reserves were brought up, the enemy checked, a new line formed, and the dark pall of night fell o'er the scene of Secession's joy and a Nation's tears.

Sabbath day broke forth bright and beautiful, not a cloud of darkness cast a shade of gloom over the luminary whose resplendent rays shone on North and South alike. The turbulent engines of destruction for a space were stilled, the chirps of either beligerent force paying mute homage to the day of rest, but a little picket firing on the flanks, a few scattering shots in the centre, then a volley of musketry on the right—another and another—and now the loud-mouthed cannon, belching forth its fire and smoke, rans the very air, and the struggle has commenced! No wonder the contest was bloody in the extreme; no wonder it was prolonged without cessation the entire day; no wonder it exceeded in vindictiveness and desperation any battle heretofore fought in this Department. *Chivalry* was fighting for the key that unlocks the door to all the able-bodied negroes of the South; fight to whip "Rosy's" little army of over 50,000 effectives before reinforcements could arrive, fighting their last fight, if defeated, in this Department. Freedom fought for Nationality, for honor, glory, fame, for equal rights and the God-given inheritance of man. After a series of most hotly contested engagements, successful assaults, gallant repulses, with dead and wounded scattered over miles of mountain land, the grand Army of the Cumberland, gradually, and mile by mile, withdrew here, experiencing for the first time, a partial defeat, and losing a victory whose good results would have been incalculable to the Union.

We are now around and over Chattanooga, have intrenched ourselves and the rebellious hordes, elated with a partial success over the army of the Southwest, (an army that has never before experienced one solitary, single reverse,) are going through the fangs of a siege at very long range. But thanks to spades and picks, axes and bouldered embankments, together with the rebel fortifications we compelled them to abandon, aided by a firm determination to do or die, we have completely checked the advancing wave of the combined forces of Bragg, Johnston, Backner, Breckinridge and Longstreet's corps from Eastern Virginia with probably part of A. P. Hill's.

The rebel loss must have been tremendous—ours was proportionately heavy. Official reports will give you the generalities and plan of battle. I shall only give you casualties in our own regiment, remarking that no Division did better than the 2d division of McCook's corps, under Johnston, nor Brigade did better than the 3d, which, under Col. P. P. Baldwin, of the 6th Indiana, maintained its old renown and held ground against superior numbers many times during the last ten eventful days.

Lieut. Colonel E. Bassett Langdon, of Cincinnati, was in command of the 1st O.V.I., and showed himself a man of nerve and valor; Major J. A. Stafford, as usual, proved himself a genius for the battle-field, whilst all the line officers without exception, gained aditonal laurels to those already acquired at Shiloh, Chaplin Hills and Stone River—Lieut. Jackson, Co. 1, being killed, and Captain Dornbusch, Co. E, Lieut. Groves, Co. E, and Lieut. Hallenberg, Co. K, wounded. All honor to the noble dead, who, on the altar of their country, have given themselves as sacrifices. Though words of consolation may be vain to those who have lost a son or brother or a near and dear friend, those at home,

can rest assured that the memory of our comrades who fell in the deadly strife is enshrined in our hearts of hearts, and a grateful country will not forget their untimely fate, when war's alarms are o'er, and peace, conquered by the strong right arms of valiant souls, shall once more bless us with its heavenly joys.

CASUALTIES IN 1ST O. V. I.

Killed—14.
Wounded—129.

CASUALTIES IN COMPANY A.

1st Serg't S. P. Timmons, wounded in thigh.
Private John H. Mayler, wounded in thigh.
Private Geo. Fricker, wounded in arm.

" Riley Willison, " head.
" Wm. Harvey, " hand.
" Erhart Single, " thigh.
" Wm. Rocky, " groin.
" Wilson Parker, " knee.
" Geo. M. Myers, " hand.
" John Shannon, (slight) hip.
" Benj. Dietz, do. groin.
" James M. Gill, " leg.
" Edward Stober, " do.

KILLED.

Private, Caleb Coplin, shot in left breast.

Private, Charles E. Grandenard, shot in abdomen.

Private, Benj. Reed, shot in abdomen.

Private, John McCarty, shot in left breast.

Missing—Private, William Morris.

I shall endeavor to find out particulars and give them to you in due course of time, if living. Rebels can be seen all around us, but to-day we are burying dead under flags of truce.

HARRY COMER.

Co. A. 1st O. V. I.

Who is Responsible for the War?

Was it the Abolitionists, who without authority in the Constitution for this act purchased the territory of Louisiana, which secured to slavery the States of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri at an expense to the nation of \$15,000,000?

Was it the Abolitionists who bought Florida for the purpose of extending slavery, at the cost of \$7,500,000 and afterwards plunged the country into a war with the Indians, which cost us \$30,000,000 and thousands of lives, because the Seminoles would not deliver up fugitive slaves?

Was it the Abolitionists who tricked Texas into the Union, assumed her rebellion war debt of \$10,000,000; and by agreeing to subdivide her vast area into five slave States, violated that clause of the Constitution, which provides that "no new States shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State * * * without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress?"

Was it the Abolitionists who meanly picked a quarrel with the weak neighboring Republic of Mexico, which cost us tens of thousands of lives, and hundreds of millions of dollars, that the pretext might be used for stealing California for slavery, because it lay south of 36 deg. 30 minutes?

Was it the Abolitionists of South Carolina, who passed that infamous law imprisoning the citizens of Northern Maritime States who came into her seaports following their calling in legitimate commerce? and was it the Abolitionists of Charleston who threatened to mob Samuel Hoar, when he went to the vile den as the legal representative of a sovereign State to test, in the Supreme Court, the validity of this statute which clearly violates the section of the Constitution which provides that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States?"

Was it the Abolitionists who in 1850 demanded and obtained the passage of the execrable fugitive slave law, as a counterpoise to the admission of California as a free State, by which vile enactment the right of trial by jury was abrogated in the trial for the highest right which the law can either confer or destroy, which creates a petty court in the person of a commissioner, and deliberately offers a bribe for the rendition of the person claimed as a slave to his alleged owner, by doubling the fee in case the person claimed be remanded to slavery?

Was it the Abolitionists who swept away the Missouri restriction which opened up to slavery every inch of unorganized territory under the jurisdiction of the United States, without one petition from the people on the subject, thus placing on the statute book the most eminently wicked law which has ever disgraced this government?

Was it the Abolitionists that attempted to force slavery on the unwilling people of Kansas at the points of Federal bayonets, by the torch of the incendiary, and all with the assassin border ruffian's bowie knife?
Was it the Abolitionists who as accessories of treason, sent our army into the disaffected State of Texas in 1859 '61 to insure its capture, scattered our navy over the world to prevent its use in maintaining the authority of the government against the then organized rebellion; beggared the treasury, and destroyed our credit to cripple the energies of the Republic, refused to move a finger in defense of the national honor and authority, while ships, dockyards, forts, arsenals, navy yards, arms, am-

munition, supplies and manufactories of our arms were being stolen in all directions? while they, whose duty it was to prevent these things or punish the traitors who committed these unheard of crimes, sat like a pack of shivering cowards fearful to move, when their villain masters were destroying the country and putting it to open shame!

Finally, was it the Abolitionist who passed ordinances of secession for the avowed purpose of destroying the Union, and after violating the Constitution in every part, trampled it under foot? did they raise their fratricidal hands, in bloody violence against the flag which until that moment had protected them at home, and rendered their name honorable abroad? did they batter Fort Sumter to pieces, and for the first time in its history humble the banner of Liberty?

Does there exist out of a lunatic asylum, any one besotted enough to assert, that these things were not all done by democratic leaders—in democratic States and permitted by a democratic administration? And does not every sensible being know, that these same party leaders, who did these things, and permitted them to be done, yet exult in their acts, and, through the party they control, are now extenuating the crimes and doing their utmost to shield the criminals? Heinous as the inexpressible villainy is, it is exalted to comparative virtue when measured by the standard of that infamous lie, constantly dinned in our ears; "that the Abolitionists have caused and are responsible for this war."
—Pittsburg Gazette.

DEMOCRACY RUNNING TO SEED.

I remember Federalism in its palmy condition, redolent of material and intellectual acquisitions—its statesmen, jurists and lawyers towering up head and shoulders above their fellows.—And I remember this party when its leaders, in sympathy with the enemies of their country, began to drag it under, when, in Congress, in the Legislature, in its journals, and finally in the Hartford Convention, language identical with the utterances of Disloyal Democrats now, turned the people against them.

Here, in the letter of Mr. Bradbury, accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of Maine, is an illustration:
Are the people of Maine ready to concede the claim set up by the National Administration to that despotic power which could deprive them of their dearest rights and most sacred privileges—all those noble guarantees attaching to life, liberty, and property, which are secured them by the great old Constitution established by their fathers?
This is New England Federalism, rank and raw. This precise language is stereotyped in the Archives of Federalism. They preached it until the patriotic masses loathed Federalism, and "spewed it out."

There is reason to fear that modern Democracy will share the fate of ancient Federalism. The proclivity of its leaders is in that direction. The sympathy expressed for Vallandigham, of whose disloyalty no man entertains a doubt is besotted. The arrest of Vallandigham was a blunder, but that is forgotten in the stupid effort of the Democracy to make a martyr of him.

Here is another demonstration of sympathy for rebellion—nay, worse, for robbers and horse-thieves:
Gen. BREWSTER BROADCASTS ORDER. More.—The Western journals are dwelling upon the honors General Brewster receives in his department, by having Gen. Morgan and his raid party shaved and imprisoned in the Penitentiary. The pretense the public will remember, is relations for old. Strange, who is in the Libby Prison.

This is from the New York Express, one of whose editors is a Democratic member of Congress. And this is the spirit which rules that journal.—These things, I say, will run the Democratic party under; for no party, be its antecedents what they may, can be unfaithful to the country during a war. The people, unvaryingly and morringly, will find out and take the patriotic side. No matter if the administration errs, falls short of its duty, or even exceeds its authority, the people will stand by their Government.

During the war of 1812, the Federalists abused and ridiculed "Jimmy Madison" more maliciously than President Lincoln is abused now. But they were against their country in its day of trial, and they were driven from power into popular contempt, and compelled to disband, seeking shelter from public indignation within other political organizations.

Such will be the fate of Democracy, if it be not warned; if it continues to take counsel of men whose prejudices blind, or whose secession sympathies mislead.

The President erred, in my judgment, before the rebellion broke out, in failing to perceive that the question which he would have to deal with was whether the Government and the Union, instead of the Republican party and the Chicago platform, should be preserved. And now that we are involved in that terrible struggle, the Democracy will err even more fatally, by falling into the pit where the remnants of Federalism repose.

Gen. Decatur's glorious sentiment, boldly avowed to the Federalists of Philadelphia, in 1813, is the only one to which patriotism will fasten and cling. A distinguished Federalist gave as a toast—"Our Country—in its wars, may it always be right." Gen. Decatur instantly gave—"OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG."

This is the true test, and eminently so now. Let the rebellion be subdued, let the insurgent States return to their allegiance, and then we will adjust differences.—*Albany Journal.*

It is said the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention was better than cure.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The following article from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health contains practical hints upon various subjects, that are worthy of attention:—

1. It is unwise to change to cooler clothing, when you first get up in the morning.
2. Never ride with your arm or elbow outside of any vehicle.
3. The man who attempts to alight from a steam car while in motion is a fool.
4. In stepping from a vehicle while in motion, let it be from the rear, and not in front, for then, if you fall, the wheels cannot run over you.
5. Never attempt to cross a road or street in a hurry, in front of a passing vehicle; for if you stumble or slip, you will be run over. Make up the half minute lost in waiting until the vehicle has passed, by increased diligence in some other direction.
6. It is miserable economy to save time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep.
7. If you find yourself inclined to wake up at a regular hour of the night and remain awake, you can break up the habit in three days by getting up as soon as you wake, and not going to sleep again until your usual hour of retiring; or retire two hours later, and sleep two hours earlier for three days in succession; not sleeping a moment in the day-time.
8. If infants and young children are inclined to be wakeful in the night, or very early in the morning, put them to bed somewhat later, and besides, arrange that their day nap shall be before noon.
9. "Order is heaven's first law," regularity is nature's great rule; hence regularity in eating, sleeping, and exercise, has a very large share in securing a long and healthful life.
10. If you are caught in a drenching rain, or fall into the water, by all means keep in motion sufficiently vigorous to prevent the slightest chilly sensation until you reach the house; then change your clothing with great rapidity before a blazing fire, and drink instantly a pint of some hot liquid.
11. To allow the clothing to dry upon you, unless by keeping up vigorous exercise until thoroughly dried, is suicidal.
12. If you are conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, for words increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage.
13. If a person faints, place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head, and it is easier for the heart to throw it there in a horizontal line, than in a perpendicular one.
14. If you want to get instantly rid of a beastly surfeit, put your finger down your throat until free vomiting ensues, and then eat nothing for ten hours.
15. Feel a noble pride in living within your means, then you will not be hustled off to a cheerless hospital in your last sickness.

MONDAY (?) AFTER BREAKFAST, LYING ON THE BEACH.

Wonder if it is Monday or Tuesday?

Wonder what time it is?

Wonder if it will be a fine day?

Wonder what I shall do if it is? On second thoughts, wonder what I shall do if it isn't?

Wonder if there are any letters?

Wonder who that is in a white petticoat with her hair down?

Wonder if she came yesterday or the day before?

Wonder if she's pretty?

Wonder what I've been thinking of for the last ten minutes?

Wonder how the boatmen here make a livelihood by lying all day at full length upon the beach?

Wonder why every one who sits on the shore throws pebbles into the sea?

Wonder what there is for dinner?

Wonder what I shall do all the afternoon?

SAME DAY, AFTER LUNCH, LYING ON THE BEACH.

Wonder who in the house beside myself is partial to my dry sherry?

Wonder what there is for dinner?

Wonder what's in the paper to-day?

Wonder if it's hot in London? Should say it was.

Children playing near me, pretty, very.

Wonder if the little boy intended to hit me on the nose with a stone?

Wonder if he is going to do it again? Hope not.

Wonder if I should like to be a shrimp?

SAME DAY, AFTER AN EARLY DINNER, LYING ON THE BEACH.

Wonder why I can never get any fish?

Wonder why the landlady introduces cinders into the gravel?

Wonder more than ever who there is at my lodgings so partial to my dry sherry?

Wonder if that's the coast of France in the distance?

Feel inclined for a quiet conversation with my fellow-men.

A boatman approaches. I wonder (to the boatman), if it will be a fine day to-morrow? He wonders, too.—We both wonder together.

Wonder, (again to the boatman), if the rail will make much difference to the place? He shakes, he says, "Ah he wonders," and leaves me.

SAME DAY, AFTER SUPPER, MOONLIGHT, LYING ON THE BEACH.

Wonder if there ever was such a creature as a mermaid?

Wonder what age I was last birthday?

Wonder if Police Inspectors are, as a rule fond of bathing?

Wonder what gave me that idea?

Wonder what I shall do this evening?

Wonder several times more than ever who it is that is so fond of my sherry?

Wonder if the Pope can swim?

Wonder what mind me think of that?

Wonder if I should like to go up in a balloon?

Wonder what Spoke and Grant had for dinner to-day?

Wonder if the Zoological Gardens are open at sunrise?

Wonder what I shall do to-morrow?

Alex. H. Stevens on the Union.

Alex. H. Stevens, now Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, in the Secession Convention, held at Montgomery, Georgia, 1861, said:

"Pause I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reason you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reason can you give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity it will bring upon us? What reason can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case, and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the south has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one Government act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government at Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer."

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

A square of insertion in this paper, for one week, is charged at the above rates. For each additional insertion, 50 cents. All advertisements running less than three months charged at the above rates.
3 Months 4 Months 12 Months
One square \$3.00 \$4.00 \$6.00
Two do \$5.00 \$7.00 \$10.00
Three do \$7.00 \$10.00 \$15.00
Four do \$9.00 \$13.00 \$20.00
One-fourth column \$10.00 \$15.00 \$25.00
One-third do \$12.00 \$18.00 \$30.00
One-half do \$15.00 \$22.00 \$35.00
One column \$20.00 \$30.00 \$50.00
All business cards of about 5 lines, by the year \$5.
No advertisements not marked on the manuscript, will be continued at our terms until ordered.
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The above rates strictly observed in all cases.

The wonders of the Sea Shore.

[From Punch.]

[Contributed by "Glaucus," who is staying at a quiet watering place, five miles from any where and three from a railway station.]

MONDAY (?) AFTER BREAKFAST, LYING ON THE BEACH.

Wonder if it is Monday or Tuesday?

Wonder what time it is?

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